

John F. W. Ware and his work for the freedmen. An address in the African Methodist church, Charles street, Boston, April 11, 1881. By William E. Matthews ... With introductory remarks by Hon. John D. Long.

JOHN F. W. WARE, AND HIS WORK FOR THE FREEDMEN.

AN ADDRESS IN THE AFRICAN METHODIST CHURCH, CHARLES STREET, BOSTON, APRIL 11, 1881.

BY WILLIAM E. MATTHEWS, OF BALTIMORE.

WITH INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY HON. JOHN D. LONG.

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1881.

At the request of the officers and members of the African Methodist Episcopal Church in Boston, Mr. William E. Matthews, of Washington, delivered an address in that church on the evening of Monday, the 11th of April, on the life and character of the late Mr. Ware.

REMARKS OF HON. JOHN D. LONG.*

* At the request of the pastor of the church, His Excellency John D. Long, Governor of the Commonwealth, took the chair.

To those, and they are the city-full, who remember the noble figure and the still nobler heart of John Ware, this should be a very tender occasion, as it certainly is to us who are here. His, too, was a noble ministry. Its early days were spent among the sweet serenities and shades of Cambridge, and its last amid the sweeping activities of this great metropolis. But perhaps he looked back with most satisfaction upon the work he did in Baltimore. There, in the closing years of the war, he put out his whole heart and strength in behalf of the integrity of the Union and the education of the colored race,—chivalrous to strike from their minds the shackles of ignorance as from their feet the shackles of bondage. And could his wishes be now uttered in our ears, I am sure he would choose for the occasion and surrounding, under which his eulogy should be pronounced, this quiet and unimposing gathering of friends, who knew him and his worth, and this humble church in which are wont to worship the representatives of that race to whom he devoted his bravest years; and for the orator, one of their 4 color who was a co-worker with him in Maryland in the cause of education

and liberty, and who is prepared to tell the story of his service there by reason of having seen and shared it. Such a one I have now the honor to introduce in Mr. William E. Matthews, who comes hither from one of the executive departments at Washington, and to whom you will listen with the same sincere pleasure with which I at once greet him to a Massachusetts platform and present him to a Massachusetts audience.

ADDRESS BY MR. MATTHEWS.

Mr. President, —I come with glad feet, but a saddened heart, from my home on the border, not for the purpose of pronouncing a eulogy, or to give a cold, critical analysis of the powers of head and heart of the good man gone, whose loss we so much deplore, but rather to bring the sobs and lamentations of a race he loved so well and served so faithfully, and to demonstrate that, however destitute we may be of the higher possessions of intellectual gifts, we are not poor in that loftiest and finest attribute of the heart,—gratitude. And so, with fond and grateful recollections of the good, grand man, who came to us in our hours of weakness and need, I come to bring the tribute of a thousand ransomed hearts.

And I am gladdened in the task I am about to assume by a sort of consciousness that, shrinking from all parade and love of praise as he did, this tribute from the poor and humble, whose mental night he illumined by the radiance of his helpful sympathy and earnest leadership and co-operation in all efforts for their amelioration, would not be entirely unacceptable to him. But, before entering upon our outline of the work of Mr. Ware in Baltimore, it would be well for us, if we could, to catch the spirit of the times in and around Maryland which preceded his coming. The red glare of cruel strife had cast its baleful light all over our land. The slave power had made one encroachment 6 after another on the liberties of the people, which had at last culminated in the firing on Fort Sumter. The miserable months preceding this act had been wasted in parley and efforts at conciliation; and even the North, instead of a just and indignant effort to meet the great issues in a manly manner, had demoralized its people to a very great extent by a weak and vacillating policy, so that, on December 10, 1860, the mayor of the great city of Philadelphia, Alexander Henry, in the hope of winning back the seceded States, and of retaining the trade, custom, and profits which that city had hitherto derived from the slave-holders, forbade, in his official capacity, the lecture of George William Curtis, announced to take place that night.

Baltimore had been disgraced by the 19th of April riots, when your own Sixth Regiment was attacked by a mob as they passed through our city, *en route* for Washington.

New York had its draft riots, when the Orphan Asylum was pillaged and burned, and colored children brained against the curb, and colored men hung to the lamp-posts. Carnage and bloodshed at the South, and a seeming Reign of Terror at the North. The city of Baltimore contained a colored population of sixty thousand, one half of whom were free. Freedom in any other country under the sun meant something, but in Maryland it was the synonyme for despotism and tyranny. For instance, it was a penal offence for any one to teach a colored person to read or write, so of course there were no schools. It was a penal offence for any aspiring colored man to subscribe to any of the great Northern papers, such as the *Tribune*, for instance. A free colored man could not walk the street after ten o'clock at night, even in a case of mercy or dire necessity, without a permit from the mayor. But, as most of the 7 policemen, or watchmen, as they were called, could neither read nor write, I remember, with a malicious delight, how those of us who could read, got around them by either writing our own passes, or showing them, on demand, scraps of letters or receipts or any odd bits of paper we happened to have, which the Hibernian guardian of the peace and dignity of the State would take,—and us with it,—to the nearest lamp-post, hold it, in many cases, upside down, and, after duly inspecting it, tell us in the most authoritative and official tone, “All right, pass on.” What quiet chuckles we would have! And then, if one desired to have a few friends spend an evening, or attend a wedding or what not, it could only be done by a permit from the mayor, coupled with the obligation of feeding as many “watchmen” as chose to come upon us. They held that any number over three, besides a man's household, was an “unlawful assembly.” While charged first-class fare, we were not permitted to ride in first-class cars; but the most cultured gentlemen and refined ladies were compelled to ride in the smoking-car. In travelling from Baltimore to Harrisburg, the Hon. Ed. W. Blyden, now Secretary of State for Liberia, and recently Minister Extraordinary to the Court of St. James, was compelled by the besotted brakeman of the train to leave the passenger-car and take his place in the baggage-car, and find a seat as best he could, on box, bag, or trunk. But I think the most pitiable feature of this sad picture is, that these minions of the law never felt humiliated in the mean work they were called upon to perform, but rather gloried in it, and prided themselves on the number of insults they could heap on a defenceless people.

The colored people of the city and State, as well as the white Unionists, were in a sad plight. The outlook was 8 cloudy and cheerless, and the leaders seemed to be paralyzed by a condition of affairs they could neither comprehend nor defeat. It was, indeed, our night of utter darkness, without a star in the sky upon which to fix a hope; when the black laws brutalized our manhood, when the teaching of the Bible was enacted into a crime, when humanity was determined not by largeness of heart or greatness of manhood, but by the poor and pitiable standard of color, when God's image was exposed in the public marts, when beauty was hawked amid shameful jests for unholy purposes,

and when we seemed bereft of God and all good influences, and plunged into a “Hopeless, helpless brokenness of heart.”

Tempest and passion ruled the hour. Secession and State rights were the false gods the people worshipped. One after another had the great States of the South trampled on their Constitutional obligations, and seceded from the Union. South Carolina, Georgia, North Carolina, and our near neighbor, Virginia, all had gone; and a great and desperate effort was being made, not only by the rebels in these States, but by the rebels in our own State, to win Maryland from her allegiance to the Union. And it cannot be denied that there was a large majority of her people favorable to the South, who would have liked to join their destinies with her, when uprose one of the bravest and most resolute set of men that the country or the ages have ever produced. Dauntless, enthusiastic, and courageous was this handful of loyalists that held Maryland true to the Union, when the mad waves of sectional strife would have washed her into the vortex of secession. It was a case of life or death. No half-way measures were to be tolerated. Heroic treatment was the only treatment; and these men were brave enough to follow out the logic of their conclusions by the great act of State emancipation, which preceded general emancipation by some months. And thus was Maryland taken out of reach of the South, and placed unalterably on the side of the free States, and all this for freedom's sake.

“For what avail the plough or sail, Or land or life, if Freedom fail?”

This movement was led and guided by one of the bravest leaders, grandest hearts, and finest intellects that our country has known, who died while the warm dew of early manhood was yet on his fair brow,— Henry Winter Davis; while the rank and file was made up of a peerless band of men, who, undaunted by threats and unawed by numbers, dared to defend the right as God gave it to them to see the right,—John A. J. Cresswell, William J. Albert, Hugh L. Bond, Archibald Sterling, A. W. Bradford, C. C. Fulton, R. Stocker Matthews, John C. Turner, Henry Stockbridge, John P. Kennedy, Charles Cochran, Jr., John L. Thomas, and the great-hearted Sebastian F. Streeter, who literally gave his life to the cause of the Union.

You will be glad to know, my fellow-citizens, that the loyal citizens of Baltimore, not forgetting the prominent part played by Mr. Streeter in upholding the Union cause and giving sympathy and help to the soldiers of the Union as they passed through our city on their way to the war, have erected, in our beautiful “Greenmount,” a fine monument to his memory.

These formed the nucleus of that little band whose influence swept the State, and by its act so amended the Constitution as to prohibit the holding of slaves, and thus emancipated the people by its own free will,—the only case of the kind, I think, during the struggle in the South. This was the

condition of affairs which awaited the coming of John F. W. Ware. And at once did he throw his great energy into the cause of the Union, the cause of Freedom and Education.

Into this desolation of heart, this hopeless strife, and the tightening bands of inevitable conditions, came this greathearted man. Like John the Baptist crying in the wilderness, but preaching a doctrine of life and hope and joy, and proclaiming from pulpit and platform that humanity was everywhere substantially one,—one in nature and one in wants; and that, however different we may seem to be, —different in aspect, culture, aspirations, thought, and work,—we are, nevertheless, one in the final analysis of our being, one in the facts and principles that lift us from the animal and make us human; and that, in studying the facts outside of ourselves, the facts of law, of nature, and of morality, we find them uniform and everywhere the same; and that, therefore, the same gospel and the same plane of thought that was good for the highest was also good for the lowest, if there be any lowest among God's children. And, when his preparations had been completed on this basis, he devoted himself to it as the object of his life; and, once in hot pursuit of his end, there was no withholding of his resources. With his great heart open to the wants and needs of the people, he poured out all the energies and talents and high qualities he possessed, determined to go forward with unshrinking persistence till the last unsolved problem had yielded its secret; while his clear aim, securely grafted in 11 his will, gathered all his powers, and with Titanic zeal conquered every obstacle. And neither could anxieties, uncertainties, nor the most powerful opposition of public opinion swerve him from the fixedness of his purpose.

Of his life in Boston and hereabouts, of the prominent places he filled, not alone in the pulpit, but in the charities and all movements for the public weal, you well know. I come to speak of a phase of his life and labors of which I fear you of Boston know too little.

You know of his grand patriotic work for the soldiers in tent, field, and hospital; of his sermons in summer at our beautiful Druid Hill Park, where thousands of all climes, tongues, colors, and conditions, would hang on his words as he outlined some grand thought in a way which was as charming and captivating to the simple as to the educated, on noble living, high thinking, or passionate devotion to one's country; of his theatre-preaching in the winter nights, when he would for week after week hold his audiences of two thousand spellbound, from the newsboys and shoe-blacks who sat in the "gallery of the gods" to the solid merchant or eminent judge who sat in the orchestra chairs.

All this you know. But I am not so certain that you know that to the colored people of the city and State he was our William Lloyd Garrison, because he was an emancipator, our Horace Mann, because he was an educator, our Dr. Howe, because a philanthropist, our Father Taylor, because a simple preacher of righteousness, and our John A. Andrew, because an inflexible patriot. All this

he was; and I might also add a Charles Sumner, for statesman he was also, greater and braver than many who hold seats in the great hall at Washington.

In the shots fired on Sumter, he foresaw a tragedy which was not only to end in the breaking of chains, but which was to throw upon the country four millions of people who were to be educated and moulded into the form and fashion of American citizens.

And of all the great names of the Unitarian body, so rich in the record of those who have been a blessing and a light to my race, I know of none who has so intimately and personally identified himself with the race, and whose presence was such a joy and benediction as Mr. Ware. In their simplicity, the colored people learned to love this large-brained, large-hearted man, who, under a seemingly blunt exterior, possessed a heart so loving and tender, so sensitive to all forms of want and woe, so true to its own ideal of duty, and so loyal and faithful to the manifold duties and opportunities which pressed him on all sides during his stay in Baltimore. And in saying this I am not unmindful of the magnificent service of Dr. Channing, of the sturdy work of Samuel J. May, Dr. Furness, Theodore Parker, and other warm and tender names which are enshrined in our memory. Mr. Ware would come to our churches, preach in our pulpits, speak in our schools, visit our houses, bury our dead, perform the marriage ceremony, when asked, and all with such a manly grace and tender interest that we began to know and love him as tenderly as we did our own Bishop Payne; and he did all this with no air of condescension or patronage, but with the same manly earnestness which would have characterized his movements in his own great church at Charles and Franklin Streets. He never came down to the people, but seemed to have the power to bring the people up to the serene and elevated level on which he stood. He neither leaned toward their prejudices, on the one hand, or for a moment humored their superstitions, on the other; and it is a marvel how easily he succeeded in getting his lofty thoughts down into the hearts and consciences of the most humble. I am not wise enough to give you the secret of his power, but think that it must have been in his great simplicity of style, in his downright earnestness, and, above all, in his great heart, which ran out with an untiring sympathy to help and uplift the people. I think he was possessed by that grand utterance of Paul, as proclaimed on Mars Hill, that God of a truth "has made of one blood all the nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth."

But I think the crowning glory of his life in Baltimore, and one in which he took, I think, the most pride, was his connection with the "Baltimore Association for the Moral and Intellectual Improvement of the Colored People," which he himself justly describes as one of the "romances of the war." He was not only one of the organizers of this brave band of men, but its chief light and benefactor; and, next to the score or so of men who held Maryland true to the Union in the dark and tempestuous days of the war, there is, perhaps, no brighter galaxy of names in the annals of that

haughty State than the little band who planted the first seeds of thought and culture in the heads and hearts of the one hundred and eighty thousand colored people of that State. And may I not be permitted to pay a sort of "marching salute," as I proceed, to these men or, if not to them, to their memories, for not a few of them have passed to the other shore, from labor to reward? First must come at the head of the column the name of John F. W. Ware, then Judge Bond, William Needles, Francis T. King, Galloway Cheston, Dr. James Cary Thomas, Richard M. Janney, John T. Graham, George A. Pope, George B. Cole, Rev. Fielder 14 Israel, David Creamer, Rev. Mr. Bruce, and a Jewish rabbi whose name I have forgotten, with others.

The work seemed to employ his every leisure thought; and his cheerful face and encouraging voice were greeted with love and gladness in the schools of his dusky friends, as he visited them from day to day. On went the noble work, and he with it, until, after a year or two, we find Mr. Ware assisting in the opening of the colored Normal School. But it would be best to give you his estimate of this work from his own pen, which I find in your own Boston *Transcript* of June, 1873:—

Immediately after going to Baltimore, I was asked to join a little band of Maryland born and bred gentlemen, who had associated themselves in a "society for the moral and educational elevation of the colored people." I have always looked upon that little organization as one of the romances of the war, and wish that some worthy historian would make its record public. Without a dollar or any known friend, in a hostile community, these gentlemen resolved to do something for a people emancipated by State edict prior to the great war measure of Abraham Lincoln. They had lived with and understood "the colored people"; and all their plan and policy were different from, and better than, what first obtained in the other States where the work was done from without.

With the minimum of help from the citizens, against social, political, church opposition, the first schools were started in the city; and with the aid, mainly, of the New England Freedman's Association, the "Friends" of England and Ireland, and such help as some of us were able to bring from the North, the work went on until there were nearly two hundred schools in both city and State, outranking white schools of the same grade. The city schools, specially, were in charge of the best teachers that could be obtained from the North, and were carried on upon the most advanced Northern plan. It seems like a dream,—the bitter prejudice and opposition we encountered, the more than indifference of Northern men and women, the timidity of the clergy, the hostility of the churches. We only got notice of our doings into the leading paper of the city, at last, 15 by paying advertising rates. That paper has since claimed to be the pioneer in advocating the cause of colored education! Driven in part by the condition of our finances, after a year or two, we petitioned the city council for help, attending their sessions by committee and in a body, and finally obtained for two consecutive years, I think, a grant of \$10,000 per annum, for the use of the city schools, upon

the distinct ground, taken and allowed, that this was but a partial refunding of a tax levied upon the colored people and paid by them for the support of the public schools for many years, from which their own children were excluded. The city of Baltimore has its separate public-school system, in no way related to that of the State. Of the State, we received nothing.

Having gained so much, the next step was to get the city to take the schools themselves under their own charge, and place them on the same footing with white schools of similar grades. Eventually, this was done. We ceased from our labors, and surrendered everything to the city; and since then it has maintained these schools and opened others, but, as I have always heard, not at that point of excellence they had attained under our oversight, and not carrying out the understood arrangement as to grade. I am away from papers and from friends to assist or correct my memory; but my impression is that the present movement with regard to the colored schools, of which I have seen brief mention, relates to the establishment not of public schools, but to grading the schools established. They are now hardly more than primary.

I felt during and after the war how much injustice was done and how much prejudice was kept alive by mistakes of fact to the disadvantage of one or the other section, which obtained circulation and credence through the press. Therefore have I spoken. There was never a more gallant or hopeless struggle than that initiated by that little knot of Maryland radicals, and few victories have been more decided or valuable than that they obtained. They lifted the manhood of the negro as well as enlightened his mind; they went into his home; they cared for his morals and his family. They would not work for him, but wherever he would work for himself they helped him. No school was opened, except the people asking, through their own organization auxiliary, contributed something toward its maintenance; and there were no men so much surprised and gratified at results obtained as those who had grown with an enslaved race, and had first given the hand of fellowship and the sympathy of honest good-will. It is, I think, the only instance in which the work was begun and managed by those "to the manor born."

Swampscott, June 20, 1873.

J.F.W.W.

Few people can now or could then, in the North, realize the difficulties and discouragements surrounding this work in a hostile community, where only a few years before it was a penitentiary offence to teach a negro.

Of this hostility to the work, I had myself an experience in which, had the design culminated in success, I should not now have the honor of standing in your presence. Happening to have business

in the lower part of the State, I was requested by Mr. Ware to stop at Denton, Caroline County, and see what could be done to plant a school. I arrived on Saturday, and at the church service the next morning it was announced that I would speak in the evening. A large audience was present, including not a few whites, the sheriff and an influential Quaker being of the number. I spoke at length on the changed condition of affairs, the duty of the newly emancipated class to fit themselves for their new duties and responsibilities, and how by industry, frugality, and education they might hope to succeed. The people came forward promptly, and gave of their means for the support of the teacher. At the close of the meeting, several of the more influential whites came forward and spoke to me most cordially, thought that my advice to the colored people had been most wholesome, and invited me to repeat my talk the next evening, when they would have a larger number of their own class present, who they thought needed to know of their duties in the new condition of affairs also.

On the appointed evening, while sitting in my room preparing 17 my notes for the contemplated talk, my host rushed in, armed with a gun in one hand and an axe in the other, saying in the most alarmed manner, "O Mr. Matthews, you must not go out of the house to-night. The poor whites of the town have heard that you are here to establish a nigger school, and they say they will kill you. I have just been to the church, and they have already begun to assemble with shot-guns and clubs. I put them off the track by telling them that you had gone to Darlington, but they may find you are here. They will have to come up these stairs single file; and, if we are to be killed, we will sell our lives dearly. Here, which will you take, the axe or the gun?" I was not prepared for any such emergency; and, night having closed in, I thought I would go out and make a survey from behind the bushes, and there I saw a dozen or more of rowdies, marching the street and cursing the man who had come to plant such dangerous seed. The steamboat "Champion" left the dock for Baltimore at five in the morning, while they were sleeping off the stupor of their night's debauch. It is needless to say that the second address was not made. A week later, I received a letter from my Quaker friend, congratulating me on my escape, and telling me that there was no doubt that, had I been apprehended, I should have been massacred. Such was the condition of the average sentiment in the State concerning emancipation and education.

So bitter was the prejudice that even in Mr. Ware's own church objections were raised to his urging the work. For a long time, not a Methodist minister in that city had pluck enough to come forward and give a helping hand to the cause.

A circular was addressed to the ministers of every denomination 18 in the city, asking them to take up contributions on Sunday in their churches for the cause. How many responded to this appeal, think you? Outside of the two or three already mentioned, if I remember rightly, only one, and he a Jewish rabbi. Would you believe that so afraid were the ministers that it was found difficult to secure

one to preside at the first anniversary of this society, held at the Rev. Fielder Israel's Independent Presbyterian church? The house was crowded with the people, but there was a marked absence of the "cloth."

But Mr. Ware went on working at home, and enlightening his friends North as to the work. Schools were opened by the society, by means of its collections at home and donations from Boston and other places, headed by Mrs. Stevenson and Mrs. Cheney, and through Quakers and others in England and Ireland. Many thousand dollars were collected by his efforts; and the work went nobly on, he visiting almost daily some school, to examine and encourage teacher and pupils.

Mr. Ware, in his ministry in Baltimore, labored under many disadvantages. Unitarians are there looked upon as infidels, mockingly called by the people "onbelievers." His old church was cold and cheerless, a bad place for such a spirit as his; and he chafed under the restraint of the old *régime*, that seemed to govern it. But, when he became unfettered, and was left to do his Master's will in such a manner as was to him wisest, then came forth the hidden force that was in him. In the hall of the Masonic Temple, he preached many of his best practical sermons, filled with love, charity, and sympathy with his fellows, to crowded houses of all nationalities and religions. There were black and white, Jew and Gentile. There he opened up to his 19 hearers their every-day life, filled with sympathy for their trials. He seemed to be able to go down into the very depths of their previous week's life as no other man could.

There was nothing of the beautiful oratory of the man that usually draws the crowds. His sermons were matter of fact, every-day existence, but delivered in peculiarly persuasive words and tones that made you feel a friend was talking to you. The magnetism was so great in him that soon the hall, though a large one, had to be superseded by the large building known as Ford's Opera House.

Here flocked to hear his persuasive but manly voice immense crowds. One instance of many, about his preaching, I remember to have heard. It was that of a Jew, a constant attendant at his church, who one day stopped on the street Mr. Jno. T. Graham, an active and warm friend and a parishioner of Mr. Ware, whom he recognized as an official in the church, and said, "Sir, will you tell me how Mr. Ware's church is supported?" and, when informed that it was by voluntary subscription, answered, "Well, sir, here are \$50 toward it, and when you want more come to me." And he added, "Did you ever hear such preaching? What is it that draws one there? Do you know, it is the hardest preaching to live up to I ever heard, but one can't help trying. I manage to live up to it until Wednesday night, but Thursday morning the Jew will crop out." "Then Mr. Ware ought to have two Sundays in a week," suggested Mr. Graham.

Mr. Ware preached right at you, in such a brotherly way, not scolding and menacing and fault-finding, as is the custom in many of our pulpits. He preached also in our parks, and held little meetings in halls, where he got near the people, and made them feel good toward their God and fellow-man.

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But his preaching was only one good part of him. His work told, for he was always finding poor, weary souls, who needed him: they not only got the kind and cheering word, but, when satisfied of their honesty, he was ready to give substantial help. Some men, I am told, called him cold and unsympathetic. They knew him not. The people of Baltimore who were not afraid of Unitarianism being dragged down to a common humanity level, who did not think it was a religion only for the rich, knew him as a genial, open-hearted, generous, but straight up and down friend. Any who think him cold and unsympathetic or unyielding should go to the people who knew him, where he was free to work as his Maker directed. Go to the one rich man of his little church, now passed beyond his fourscore years, ask him of Mr. Ware's character, and he will tell you,—A firm and ready friend. Go to the poor, infirm, and crippled, who hobbled every Sunday to drink in his words, go to those who worked with him, and they will tell you that, after his embarrassment of first acquaintance wore off, no more genial companion could be found.

Mr. Ware was as sensitive and as appreciative as a child to any consideration offered him, for

“The bravest are the tenderest, The loving are the daring.”

One of the most helpful and important labors was his connection with the missionary and educational work of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. Seeing for himself the noble work this organization was doing in the religious and educational advancement of its two hundred and fifty thousand members in the South, he became interested in their work, and through his interest secured the influence of Rev. Edward E. Hale, Rev. Dr. Bellows, the late Rev. Charles Lowe, and others. So it is that for quite fifteen years the Unitarians have been helping to spread the gospel of right living and education through the channels of this church by gifts of books to its ministers and educational institutions, by money to aid in the support of preachers and teachers in places where the people are too poor to sustain such influences, and in the support of a regular course of scientific lectures to the students at Wilberforce, by the professors of Antioch College. Mr. Ware was on the most cordial terms with Bishops Payne and Brown of this church; and, in a note recently received, Bishop Brown thus speaks:—

The death of Mr. Ware is a great loss to me and our cause. I made his acquaintance in 1867. From that time, he has been our ardent friend. He often visited our churches and conferences, and

did much to bring our work before the American Unitarian Association and denomination, which brought thousands of dollars to our work in aiding the freedmen in pious habits and education. In company with Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis, he visited our conference at Washington, in May, 1868, and, at a similar conference of his church, held at the Church of the Messiah, New York, in the fall of 1868, it was mainly through the efforts of Mr. Ware that a committee was formed who organized a number of libraries. Mr. Ware and myself were appointed to see to the distribution of these books, and to do other joint work in the South. No one can tell the good this reading matter has done. Many of our best ministers of to-day were quickened to higher ideals and manlier work. He ever exhibited the most intense interest in our efforts at doing good. He largely aided the Museum of Natural History at Wilberforce, which bears his name.

This church is to be congratulated on the spirit which prompts this memorial meeting, holding, as it does most thoroughly, to its own peculiar views and tenets, but yet broad enough to acknowledge the Christ spirit in a man who 22 worked on another line, but leading, let us trust, to the same great end,—the upbuilding of man and the glory of God.

The aspiring nature of the soul, the continued longing and seeking after truth which will not put up with anything short of conviction, is one of the most hopeful signs of the vitality and faithfulness of the religious sentiment in man. And so the conviction is at last borne in on the mind that religion is greater than any particular form of it, and does not depend for its existence upon our conceptions, but our deep and eternal need of it.

And, surely, if religion be what we think it is, the greatest fact in the universe, there should be weapons enough in the arsenal of the gospel to put to flight its strongest foes, and to establish deep and broad its reign in our hearts and in the world.

But I hasten to a close. And how shall I close,—with vain regrets at the loss of a life so useful and exalted, or rather by thanking God for the example of such a life?

A noble life ended, a noble work performed! His majestic form we can no longer see, and his kindly voice we can no longer hear; but his memory is to those who knew him a strength and inspiration which will impel us to the attainment of that higher manhood, that wider usefulness, and that broader charity, which he so nobly represented.

In the great cathedral of St. Paul in London may be seen a tablet in honor of the architect and builder of that stupendous structure, Sir Christopher Wren, upon which is the inscription in Latin:—

Reader, dost thou seek his monument, look about you.

And so, my fellow-citizens, if you would look upon the monument to John F. W. Ware, come to Maryland and “look about you,” at the happy faces of the forty thousand children, as they merrily wend their way in city and town to the hundreds of schools which now dot the State; at the rapid advancement of an enlightened public sentiment; and at the regard for law and order, the dignity and self-respect with which these new citizens carry themselves. This bearing recently evoked from His Honor Judge Pinckney this most hearty and generous compliment,—that, while the colored people of the State form one-fifth of the population, their misdemeanors and crimes, as compared to the whites, is less than one-sixth. Look at their progress in material development and wealth, which amounts to over ten millions.

O good friend gone! thy work and faith and love were not in vain, but have brought forth a most rich and abundant harvest in a race who have grandly learned the hard but useful lessons in the alphabet of life—industry, energy, honesty, promptness, frugality, patience—and in all the elements which lead to a well-ordered and dignified life.

Farewell, noble and great-hearted man! When the historian of the future shall write broadly and candidly of the times in which we live, and the struggles of a poor and illused people upward from their house of bondage and outward from their dark night of ignorance, side by side with Channing and Parker and Garrison and May will appear in characters of living light the name of John Fothergill Waterhouse Ware, the admiration of the American people, and an inspiration for the cause he so earnestly espoused and so magnificently served.